

MACBETH
by
William Shakspeare

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by
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MACBETH
DRAMATIS PERSONAE

DUNCAN	king of Scotland.
MALCOLM	his sons.
DONALBAIN	
MACBETH	generals of the king's army.
BANQUO	
MACDUFF	noblemen of Scotland.
LENNOX	
ROSS	
MENTEITH	
ANGUS	
CAITHNESS	
FLEANCE	son to Banquo.
SIWARD	Earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces.
YOUNG SIWARD	his son.
SEYTON	an officer attending on Macbeth. Boy, son to Macduff. (Son:) A Scotch Doctor. (Doctor:) A Soldier. A Porter. An Old Man
LADY MACBETH:	Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth. (Gentlewoman:) Three Witches. (First Witch:) (Second Witch:) (Third Witch:) (First Apparition:) (Second Apparition:) (Third Apparition:) Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers. (Lord:) (Sergeant:) (Servant:) (First Murderer:) (Second Murderer:) (Third Murderer:) (Messenger:)
SCENE	Scotland: England.

MACBETH

ACT I

SCENE I A desert place.

(Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches)

First Witch When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

Second Witch When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

Third Witch That will be ere the set of sun.

First Witch Where the place?

Second Witch Upon the heath.

Third Witch There to meet with Macbeth.

First Witch I come, Graymalkin!

Second Witch Paddock calls.

Third Witch Anon.

ALL Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

(Exeunt)

MACBETH

ACT I

SCENE II A camp near Forres.

(Alarum within. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Sergeant)

DUNCAN What bloody man is that?

MALCOLM This is the sergeant
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil
As thou didst leave it.

Sergeant Doubtful it stood;
The merciless Macdonwald –
Worthy to be a rebel – from the western isles
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;
And fortune, on his damnèd quarrel smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all's too weak:
For brave Macbeth – well he deserves that name –
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion carved out his passage
Till he faced the slave;
Which he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

DUNCAN O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Sergeant Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
The Norwegian lord surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men
Began a fresh assault.

DUNCAN Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Sergeant Yes;
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharged with double cracks, so they

Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

DUNCAN So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;
They smack of honour both. Go get him surgeons.

(Exit Sergeant, attended)

Who comes here?

(Enter ROSS)

MALCOLM The worthy thane of Ross.

LENNOX What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look
That seems to speak things strange.

ROSS God save the king!

DUNCAN Whence comest thou, worthy thane?

ROSS From Fife, great king;
Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky
Norway himself,
With terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm.
And, to conclude,
The victory fell on us.

DUNCAN Great happiness!
No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest: go pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

ROSS I'll see it done.

DUNCAN What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won.

(Exeunt)

MACBETH

ACT I

SCENE III A heath near Forres.

(Thunder. Enter the three Witches)

First Witch Where hast thou been, sister?

Second Witch Killing swine.

Third Witch Sister, where thou?

First Witch A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd:--
'Give me,' quoth I:
'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

Second Witch I'll give thee a wind.

First Witch Thou'rt kind.

Third Witch And I another.

First Witch I myself have all the other,
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.
I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid:
Weary se'nnights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
Look what I have.

Second Witch Show me, show me.

First Witch Here I have a pilot's thumb,

Wreck'd as homeward he did come.

(Drum within)

Third Witch A drum, a drum!
 Macbeth doth come.

ALL The weird sisters, hand in hand,
 Posters of the sea and land,
 Thus do go about, about:
 Thrice to thine and thrice to mine
 And thrice again, to make up nine.
 Peace! the charm's wound up.

(Enter MACBETH and BANQUO)

MACBETH So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

BANQUO What are these
 So wither'd and so wild in their attire,
 That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
 And yet are on't? You should be women,
 And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
 That you are so.

MACBETH Speak, if you can: what are you?

First Witch All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

Second Witch All hail, Macbeth, hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

Third Witch All hail, Macbeth, thou shalt be king hereafter!

BANQUO Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear
 Things that do sound so fair? I' the name of truth,
 Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
 Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
 You greet with present grace and great prediction
 Of noble having and of royal hope:
 To me you speak not.
 Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
 Your favours nor your hate.

First Witch Hail!

Second Witch Hail!

Third Witch Hail!

First Witch Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

Second Witch Not so happy, yet much happier.

Third Witch Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:
 So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

First Witch Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

MACBETH Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
 By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis;
 But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
 A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
 Stands not within the prospect of belief.
 Speak, I charge you.

(Witches vanish)

BANQUO The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
 And these are of them. Whither are they vanish'd?

MACBETH Into the air; and what seem'd corporal melted
 As breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd!

BANQUO Were such things here as we do speak about?

MACBETH Your children shall be kings.

BANQUO You shall be king.

MACBETH And thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?

BANQUO To the selfsame tune and words. Who's here?

(Enter ROSS and ANGUS)

ROSS The king hath happily received, Macbeth,
 The news of thy success. As thick as hail
 Came post with post; and every one did bear
 Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,

And pour'd them down before him.

ANGUS We are sent
To give thee from our royal master thanks.

ROSS And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

BANQUO What, can the devil speak true?

MACBETH The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes?

ANGUS Who was the thane lives yet;
But under heavy judgment. Whether he combined
With Norway or the rebel, or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd and proved,
Have overthrown him.

MACBETH (*Aside*) Glamis, and thane of Cawdor!
The greatest is behind.

(*To ROSS and ANGUS*)

Thanks for your pains.

(*To BANQUO*)

Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me
Promised no less to them?

BANQUO But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths.
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

MACBETH (*Aside*) Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme. – I thank you, gentlemen.

(*Aside*) This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill, cannot be good: if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth make my seated heart
Knock at my ribs against the use of nature?

BANQUO Look, how our partner's rapt.

MACBETH (*Aside*) If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.

BANQUO New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould
But with the aid of use.

MACBETH (*Aside*) Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

BANQUO Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

MACBETH Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.
(To *BANQO*.) Think upon what hath chanced, and, at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

BANQUO Very gladly.

MACBETH Till then, enough. Come, friends.

(*Exeunt*)

MACBETH

ACT I

SCENE IV Forres. The palace.

(Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, and Attendants)

DUNCAN Is execution done on Cawdor?

MALCOLM I have spoke
With one that saw him die: who did report
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
Implored your highness' pardon and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it.

DUNCAN He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

(Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, and ANGUS)

O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: would thou hadst less deserved,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! Only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

MACBETH The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself.

DUNCAN Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known
No less to have done so. Let me enfold thee
And hold thee to my heart.

BANQUO There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

DUNCAN My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,

And you whose places are the nearest, know
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland; which honour must
Not unaccompanied invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all despisers. From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

MACBETH

I'll be myself the harbinger and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So humbly take my leave.

DUNCAN

My worthy Cawdor!

MACBETH

(Aside) The Prince of Cumberland! that is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires;
Let not light see my black and deep desires. *(Exit)*

DUNCAN

True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman.

(Flourish. Exeunt)

MACBETH

ACT I

SCENE V Inverness. Macbeth's castle.

(Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter)

LADY MACBETH 'They met me in the day of success: and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor;' by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail, king that shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.'

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be.
What thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'ldest have, great Glamis,
That which cries 'Thus thou must do, if thou have it;
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone.' Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.

(Enter a Messenger)

What is your tidings?

Messenger The king comes here to-night.

LADY MACBETH Thou'rt mad to say it:
Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Messenger So please you, it is true: our thane is coming:
 One of my fellows had the speed of him,
 Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
 Than would make up his message.

LADY MACBETH Give him tending;
 He brings great news.

(Exit Messenger)

The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctions visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunkest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry 'Hold, hold!'

(Enter MACBETH)

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

MACBETH My dearest love,
 Duncan comes here to-night.

LADY MACBETH And when goes hence?

MACBETH To-morrow, as he purposes.

LADY MACBETH O, never

Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under't. He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

MACBETH We will speak further.

LADY MACBETH Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me.

(Exeunt)

MACBETH

ACT I

SCENE VI Before Macbeth's castle.

(Hautboys and torches. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENNOX, MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, and Attendants)

DUNCAN

This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

BANQUO

This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells woingly here: no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,
The air is delicate.

(Enter LADY MACBETH)

DUNCAN

See, see, our honour'd hostess!
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you
How you shall bid God 'ild us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

LADY MACBETH

All our service
In every point twice done and then done double
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honours deep and broad wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.

DUNCAN

Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

LADY MACBETH

Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

DUNCAN

Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess.

(Exeunt)

MACBETH

ACT I

SCENE VII Macbeth's castle.

(Hautboys and torches. Enter a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and service, and pass over the stage. Then enter MACBETH)

MACBETH

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'l jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust;
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other.

(Enter LADY MACBETH)

How now! what news?

LADY MACBETH He has almost supp'd: why have you left the chamber?

MACBETH Hath he ask'd for me?

MACBETH We will proceed no further in this business:
 He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
 Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
 Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
 Not cast aside so soon.

MACBETH If we should fail?

Soundly invite him – his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep
Their drenchèd natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

MACBETH

Bring forth men-children only;
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber and used their very daggers,
That they have done't?

LADY MACBETH

Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

MACBETH

I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

(Exeunt)

MACBETH

ACT II

SCENE I Court of Macbeth's castle.

(Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE bearing a torch before him)

BANQUO How goes the night, boy?

FLEANCE The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

BANQUO And she goes down at twelve.

FLEANCE I take't, 'tis later, sir.

BANQUO Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry in heaven;
Their candles are all out. Take thee that too.
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep: merciful powers,
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose!

(Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch)

Give me my sword.

Who's there?

MACBETH A friend.

BANQUO What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices.
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.

MACBETH Being unprepared,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.

BANQUO All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have show'd some truth.

MACBETH

I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

BANQUO

At your kind'st leisure.

MACBETH

If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.

BANQUO

So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.

MACBETH

Good repose the while!

BANQUO

Thanks, sir: the like to you!

(Exeunt BANQUO and FLEANACE)

MACBETH

Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

(Exit Servant)

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still,
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one halfworld
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse

The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings, and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

(A bell rings)

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

(Exit)

MACBETH

ACT II

SCENE II The same.

(Enter LADY MACBETH)

LADY MACBETH

That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire.
Hark! Peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd
their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

MACBETH

(Within) Who's there? what, ho!

LADY MACBETH

Alack, I am afraid they have awaked,
And 'tis not done. The attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't.

(Enter MACBETH)

My husband!

MACBETH

I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?

LADY MACBETH

I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

MACBETH

When?

LADY MACBETH

Now.

MACBETH

As I descended?

LADY MACBETH

Ay.

MACBETH

Hark!

Who lies i' the second chamber?

LADY MACBETH

Donalbain.

MACBETH

(*Looking on his hands*) This is a sorry sight.

LADY MACBETH

A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

MACBETH

There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried 'Murder!'
That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

LADY MACBETH

There are two lodged together.

MACBETH

One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen' the other;
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
Listening their fear, I could not say 'Amen,'
When they did say 'God bless us!'

LADY MACBETH

Consider it not so deeply.

MACBETH

But wherefore could not I pronounce 'Amen'?
I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'
Stuck in my throat.

LADY MACBETH

These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

MACBETH

Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep', the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast, –

LADY MACBETH

What do you mean?

MACBETH

Still it cried 'Sleep no more!' to all the house:
'Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more.'

LADY MACBETH

Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.

Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

MACBETH

I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not.

LADY MACBETH

Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;
For it must seem their guilt.

(Exit. Knocking within)

MACBETH

Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

(Re-enter LADY MACBETH)

LADY MACBETH

My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white.

(Knocking within)

I hear a knocking
At the south entry: retire we to our chamber;
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it, then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.

(Knocking within)

Hark! more knocking.
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

MACBETH

To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.

(Knocking within)

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!

(Exeunt)

MACBETH

ACT II

SCENE III The same.

(Knocking within. Enter a Porter)

Porter Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key.

(Knocking within)

Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub? Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enow about you; here you'll sweat for't.

(Knocking within)

Knock, knock! Who's there, in the other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator.

(Knocking within)

Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose.

(Knocking within)

Knock, knock; never at quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.

(Knocking within)

Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter.

(Opens the gate. Enter MACDUFF and LENNOX)

MACDUFF Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?

Porter 'Faith sir, we were carousing till the second cock: and drink, sir, is a great

provoker of three things.

MACDUFF What three things does drink especially provoke?

Porter Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

MACDUFF I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

Porter That it did, sir, i' the very throat on me: but I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

MACDUFF Is thy master stirring?

(Enter MACBETH)

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

LENNOX Good morrow, noble sir.

MACBETH Good morrow, both.

MACDUFF Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

MACBETH Not yet.

MACDUFF He did command me to call timely on him:
I have almost slipp'd the hour.

MACBETH I'll bring you to him.

MACDUFF I know this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet 'tis one.

MACBETH The labour we delight in physics pain.
This is the door.

MACDUFF I'll make so bold to call,

For 'tis my limited service.

(Exit)

LENNOX Goes the king hence to-day?

MACBETH He does: he did appoint so.

LENNOX The night has been unruly: where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death,
And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion and confused events
New hatch'd to the woeful time: the obscure bird
Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the earth
Was feverous and did shake.

MACBETH 'Twas a rough night.

LENNOX My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

(Re-enter MACDUFF)

MACDUFF O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee!

MACBETH/LENNOX What's the matter?

MACDUFF Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building!

MACBETH What is 't you say? the life?

LENNOX Mean you his majesty?

MACDUFF Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon: do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves.

(Exeunt MACBETH and LENNOX)

Awake, awake!
Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and treason!
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself! up, up, and see
The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
To countenance this horror! Ring the bell.

(Bell rings)

(Enter LADY MACBETH)

LADY MACBETH What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!

MACDUFF O gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.

(Enter BANQUO)

O Banquo, Banquo,
Our royal master 's murder'd!

LADY MACBETH Woe, alas!
What, in our house?

BANQUO Too cruel any where.
Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,
And say it is not so.

(Re-enter MACBETH and LENNOX, with ROSS)

MACBETH Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had lived a blessed time; for, from this instant,
There 's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

(Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN)

DONALBAIN	What is amiss?
MACBETH	You are, and do not know't: The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.
MACDUFF	Your royal father 's murder'd.
MALCOLM	O, by whom?
LENNOX	Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done 't: Their hands and faces were enbadged with blood; So were their daggers, which unwiped we found Upon their pillows: They stared, and were distracted; no man's life Was to be trusted with them.
MACBETH	O, yet I do repent me of my fury, That I did kill them.
MACDUFF	Wherefore did you so?
MACBETH	Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious, Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man: The expedition my violent love Outrun the pauser, reason. Here lay Duncan, His silver skin laced with his golden blood; And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers, Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain, That had a heart to love, and in that heart Courage to make 's love known?
LADY MACBETH	Help me hence, ho!
MACDUFF	Look to the lady.
MALCOLM	(Aside to DONALBAIN) Why do we hold our tongues, That most may claim this argument for ours?
DONALBAIN	(Aside to MALCOLM) What should be spoken here, where our fate, Hid in an auger-hole, may rush, and seize us? Let 's away; Our tears are not yet brew'd.

MALCOLM *(Aside to DONALBAIN)* Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.

BANQUO Look to the lady:

(LADY MACBETH is carried out)

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand; and thence
Against the undivulged pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

MACDUFF And so do I.

ALL So all.

MACBETH Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together.

ALL Well contented.

(Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain)

MALCOLM What will you do? Let's not consort with them:
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

DONALBAIN To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

MALCOLM This murderous shaft that's shot
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away: there's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.

(Exeunt)

MACBETH

ACT II

SCENE IV Outside Macbeth's castle.

(Enter ROSS and an old Man)

Old Man Threescore and ten I can remember well:
 Within the volume of which time I have seen
 Hours dreadful and things strange; but this sore night
 Hath trifled former knowings.

ROSS Ah, good father,
 Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
 Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 'tis day,
 And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:
 Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
 That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
 When living light should kiss it?

Old Man 'Tis unnatural,
 Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
 A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
 Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

ROSS And Duncan's horses – a thing most strange and certain –
 Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
 Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
 Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
 War with mankind.

Old Man 'Tis said they eat each other.

ROSS They did so, to the amazement of mine eyes
 That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Macduff.

(Enter MACDUFF)

How goes the world, sir, now?

MACDUFF Why, see you not?

ROSS Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?

MACDUFF Those that Macbeth hath slain.

ROSS Alas, the day!
 What good could they pretend?

MACDUFF They were suborn'd:
 Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
 Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
 Suspicion of the deed.

ROSS 'Gainst nature still!
 Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
 Thine own life's means! Then 'tis most like
 The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

MACDUFF He is already named, and gone to Scone
 To be invested.

ROSS Where is Duncan's body?

MACDUFF Carried to Colmekill,
 The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
 And guardian of their bones.

ROSS Will you to Scone?

MACDUFF No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

ROSS Well, I will thither.

MACDUFF Well, may you see things well done there: adieu!
 Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

ROSS Farewell, father.

Old Man God's benison go with you; and with those
 That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!

(Exeunt)

MACBETH

ACT III

SCENE I Forres. The palace.

(*Enter BANQUO*)

BANQUO

Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promised, and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for't: yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity,
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them –
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine –
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But hush! no more.

(*Sennet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as king, LADY MACBETH, as queen, LENNOX, ROSS, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants*)

MACBETH

Here's our chief guest.

LADY MACBETH

If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing unbecoming.

MACBETH

To-night we hold a solemn supper sir,
And I'll request your presence.

BANQUO

Let your highness
Command upon me; to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

MACBETH

Ride you this afternoon?

BANQUO

Ay, my good lord.

MACBETH

We should have else desired your good advice,
Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride?

BANQUO As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.

MACBETH Fail not our feast.

BANQUO My lord, I will not.

MACBETH We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: but of that to-morrow,
When therewithal we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

BANQUO Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon's.

MACBETH I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs. Farewell.

(Exit BANQUO)

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night: to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you!

(Exeunt all but MACBETH, and an attendant)

Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men
Our pleasure?

ATTENDANT They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

MACBETH Bring them before us.

(Exit Attendant)

To be thus is nothing;
But to be safely thus. – Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis much he dares;

And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear: and, under him,
My Genius is rebuked; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Caesar. He chid the sisters
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him: then prophet-like
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come fate into the list.
And champion me to the utterance! Who's there!

(Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers)

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

(Exit Attendant)

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

First Murderer It was, so please your highness.

MACBETH Well then, now
Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know
That it was he in the times past which held you
So under fortune, which you thought had been
Our innocent self: this I made good to you
In our last conference, pass'd in probation with you,
How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the instruments,
Who wrought with them, and all things else that might
To half a soul and to a notion crazed
Say 'Thus did Banquo.'

First Murderer You made it known to us.

MACBETH I did so, and went further, which is now
 Our point of second meeting. Do you find
 Your patience so predominant in your nature
 That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd
 To pray for this good man and for his issue,
 Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave
 And beggar'd yours for ever?

First Murderer We are men, my liege.

MACBETH Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
 As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
 Shoughs, water-rugs and demi-wolves, are clept
 All by the name of dogs: the valued file
 Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
 The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
 According to the gift which bounteous nature
 Hath in him closed; whereby he does receive
 Particular addition. from the bill
 That writes them all alike: and so of men.
 Now, if you have a station in the file,
 Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say 't;
 And I will put that business in your bosoms,
 Whose execution takes your enemy off,
 Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
 Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
 Which in his death were perfect.

Second Murderer I am one, my liege,
 Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
 Have so incensed that I am reckless what
 I do to spite the world.

First Murderer And I another
 So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
 That I would set my lie on any chance,
 To mend it, or be rid on't.

MACBETH Both of you
 Know Banquo was your enemy.

Both Murderers True, my lord.

MACBETH So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,

That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: and though I could
With barefaced power sweep him from my sight
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Who I myself struck down; and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.

Second Murderer

We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

First Murderer

Though our lives--

MACBETH

Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at most
I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on't; for't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought
That I require a clearness: and with him--
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work--
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart:
I'll come to you anon.

Both Murderers

We are resolved, my lord.

MACBETH

I'll call upon you straight: abide within.

(Exeunt Murderers)

It is concluded. Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.

(Exit)

MACBETH

ACT III

SCENE II The palace.

(Enter LADY MACBETH and a Servant)

LADY MACBETH Is Banquo gone from court?

Servant Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

LADY MACBETH Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

Servant Madam, I will.

(Exit)

LADY MACBETH Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

(Enter MACBETH)

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what's done is done.

MACBETH We have scorch'd the snake, not kill'd it:
She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.

- LADY MACBETH Come on;
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.
- MACBETH So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you:
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams,
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.
- LADY MACBETH You must leave this.
- MACBETH O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.
- LADY MACBETH But in them nature's copy's not eterne.
- MACBETH There's comfort yet; they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight, ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.
- LADY MACBETH What's to be done?
- MACBETH Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
While night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.
So, prithee, go with me.

(Exeunt)

MACBETH

ACT III

SCENE III A park near the palace.

(Enter three Murderers)

First Murderer But who did bid thee join with us?

Third Murderer Macbeth.

Second Murderer He needs not our mistrust, since he delivers
Our offices and what we have to do
To the direction just.

First Murderer Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

Third Murderer Hark! I hear horses.

BANQUO *(Within)* Give us a light there, ho!

Second Murderer Then 'tis he: the rest
That are within the note of expectation
Already are i' the court.

First Murderer His horses go about.

Third Murderer Almost a mile: but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

Second Murderer A light, a light!

(Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE with a torch)

Third Murderer 'Tis he.

First Murderer Stand to't.

BANQUO It will be rain to-night.

First Murderer Let it come down.

(They set upon BANQUO)

BANQUO O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly!
Thou mayst revenge. O slave!

(Dies. FLEANCE escapes)

Third Murderer Who did strike out the light?

First Murderer Wast not the way?

Third Murderer There's but one down; the son is fled.

Second Murderer We have lost
Best half of our affair.

First Murderer Well, let's away, and say how much is done.

(Exeunt)

MACBETH

ACT III

SCENE IV The same. Hall in the palace.

(A banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSS, LENNOX, Lords, and Attendants)

MACBETH You know your own degrees; sit down: at first
And last the hearty welcome.

Lords Thanks to your majesty.

MACBETH Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time
We will require her welcome.

LADY MACBETH Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks they are welcome.

(First Murderer appears at the door)

MACBETH See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.
Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst:
Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure
The table round.

(Approaching the door)

There's blood on thy face.

First Murderer 'Tis Banquo's then.

MACBETH 'Tis better thee without than he within.
Is he dispatch'd?

First Murderer My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

MACBETH Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: yet he's good
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.

First Murderer Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scaped.

MACBETH Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect,
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and general as the casing air:
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

First Murderer Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.

MACBETH Thanks for that:
There the grown serpent lies; the worm that's fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present. Get thee gone: to-morrow
We'll hear, ourselves, again.

(Exit Murderer)

LADY MACBETH My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is cold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a-making,
'Tis given with welcome: to feed were best at home;
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

MACBETH Sweet remembrancer!
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

LENNOX May't please your highness sit.

(The GHOST OF BANQUO enters, and sits in MACBETH's place)

MACBETH Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the graced person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!

ROSS His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your highness
To grace us with your royal company.

MACBETH The table's full.

LENNOX Here is a place reserved, sir.

MACBETH Where?

LENNOX Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your highness?

MACBETH Which of you have done this?

Lords What, my good lord?

MACBETH Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

ROSS Gentlemen, rise: his highness is not well.

LADY MACBETH Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: if much you note him,
You shall offend him and extend his passion:
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?

MACBETH Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

LADY MACBETH O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,
Impostors to true fear, would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

MACBETH Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.
If charnel-houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites.

(GHOST OF BANQUO vanishes)

LADY MACBETH What, quite unmann'd in folly?

MACBETH If I stand here, I saw him.

LADY MACBETH Fie, for shame!

MACBETH Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,
Ere human statute purged the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: this is more strange
Than such a murder is.

LADY MACBETH My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

MACBETH I do forget.
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends,
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine; fill full.
I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords Our duties, and our pledge.

(Re-enter GHOST OF BANQUO)

MACBETH Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!

LADY MACBETH Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

MACBETH What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves

Shall never tremble: or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence!

(GHOST OF BANQUO vanishes)

Why, so: being gone,
I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.

LADY MACBETH You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admired disorder.

MACBETH Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine is blanched with fear.

ROSS What sights, my lord?

LADY MACBETH I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him. At once, good night:
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

LENNOX Good night; and better health
Attend his majesty!

LADY MACBETH A kind good night to all!

(*Exeunt all but MACBETH and LADY MACBETH*)

MACBETH It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move and trees to speak;
Augurs and understood relations have
By magot-pies and choughs and rooks brought forth
The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?

LADY MACBETH Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

MACBETH How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person
At our great bidding?

LADY MACBETH Did you send to him, sir?

MACBETH I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There's not a one of them but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
And betimes I will, to the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good,
All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.

LADY MACBETH You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

MACBETH Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear that wants hard use:
We are yet but young in deed.

(Exeunt)

MACBETH

ACT IV

SCENE I A cavern. In the middle, a boiling cauldron.

(Thunder. Enter the three Witches)

First Witch Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

Second Witch Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.

Third Witch Harpier cries 'Tis time, 'tis time.

First Witch Round about the cauldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.
Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights has thirty-one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

ALL Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

Second Witch Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

ALL Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Third Witch Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Silver'd in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,

Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

ALL Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Second Witch Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.
By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.
Open, locks,
Whoever knocks!

(Enter MACBETH)

MACBETH How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!
What is't you do?

ALL A deed without a name.

MACBETH I conjure you, by that which you profess,
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me:
Though you untie the winds and let them fight
Against the churches; though the treasure
Of nature's germens tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken; answer me
To what I ask you.

First Witch Speak.

Second Witch Demand.

Third Witch We'll answer.

First Witch Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters?

MACBETH Call 'em; let me see 'em.

ALL Come, high or low;
Thyself and office deftly show!

(Thunder. First Apparition: an armed Head)

MACBETH Tell me, thou unknown power,--

First Witch He knows thy thought:
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

First Apparition Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me. Enough.

(Descends)

First Witch He will not be commanded: here's another,
More potent than the first.

(Thunder. Second Apparition: A bloody Child)

Second Apparition Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!
Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth.

(Descends)

MACBETH Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?

*(Thunder. Third Apparition: a Child crowned, with a tree
in his hand)*

 What is this
That rises like the issue of a king?

ALL Listen, but speak not to't.

Third Apparition Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until
Great Birnam Wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him.

(Descends)

MACBETH That will never be
Who can the tree command unfix his earth-bound root?
Sweet bodements! good! Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature. Yet my heart

Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your art
Can tell so much: shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

ALL Seek to know no more.

MACBETH I will be satisfied: Let me know.

(Hautboys)

First Witch Show!

Second Witch Show!

Third Witch Show!

ALL Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart!

(*A show of Eight Kings, the last with a glass in his hand; GHOST OF BANOQUO following*)

(Apparitions vanish)

What, is this so?
Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!
Come in, without there!

(Enter LENNOX)

LENNOX What's your grace's will?

MACBETH I did hear
The galloping of horse: who was't came by?

LENNOX 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word
Macduff is fled to England.

MACBETH Fled to England!

LENNOX Ay, my good lord.

MACBETH Time, thou anticipatest my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it; from this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.

(Exeunt)

MACBETH

ACT IV

SCENE II Fife, Macduff's castle.

(Enter LADY MACDUFF, her Son, and ROSS)

LADY MACDUFF What had he done, to make him fly the land?

ROSS You must have patience, madam.

ROSS You know not
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

LADY MACDUFF Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes?
 He loves us not: for the poor wren,
 The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
 Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
 All is the fear and nothing is the love;
 As little is the wisdom, where the flight
 So runs against all reason.

LADY MACDUFF Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

ROSS I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace and your discomfort:
I take my leave at once.

(Exit)

LADY MACDUFF Sirrah, your father's dead;
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son As birds do, mother.

LADY MACDUFF What, with worms and flies?

Son With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

LADY MACDUFF Poor bird! thou'l dst never fear the net nor lime,
 The pitfall nor the gin.

Son Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.
 My father is not dead, for all your saying.

LADY MACDUFF Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a father?

Son Nay, how will you do for a husband? Was my father a traitor, mother?

LADY MACDUFF Ay, that he was.

Son What is a traitor?

LADY MACDUFF Why, one that swears and lies.

Son And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

LADY MACDUFF Every one.

Son Who must hang them?

LADY MACDUFF Why, the honest men.

Son Then the liars and swearers are fools, for there are liars and swearers enow
 to beat the honest men and hang up them.

LADY MACDUFF Now, God help thee, poor monkey!
 But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son If he were dead, you'l d weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign
 that I should quickly have a new father.

LADY MACDUFF Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!
 I have done no harm. But I remember now
 I am in this earthly world; where to do harm
 Is often laudable, to do good sometime
 Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas.

(Enter Murderers)

What are these faces?

First Murderer Where is your husband?

LADY MACDUFF I hope, in no place so unsanctified
Where such as thou mayst find him.

First Murderer He's a traitor.

Son Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd villain!

First Murderer What, you egg!

(Stabbing him)

Young fry of treachery!

Son He has kill'd me, mother:
Run away, I pray you!

(Dies)

(Exit LADY MACDUFF, crying 'Murder!' Exeunt
Murderers, following her)

MACBETH

ACT IV

SCENE III England. Before the King's palace.

(Enter *MALCOLM* and *MACDUFF*)

MALCOLM Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

MACDUFF Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom: each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.

MALCOLM What I believe I'll wail,
What know believe, and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have loved him well.
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but something
You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom
To offer up a weak poor innocent lamb
To appease an angry god.

MACDUFF I am not treacherous.

MALCOLM But Macbeth is.
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell;
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.

MACDUFF I have lost my hopes.

MALCOLM Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking? I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

MACDUFF

Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

MALCOLM

Be not offended:
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds.
And here from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly thousands: but, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
By him that shall succeed.

MACDUFF

What should he be?

MALCOLM

It is myself I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared
With my confineless harms.

MACDUFF

Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth.

MALCOLM

I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name: but there's no bottom, none,
In my lust, and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear
That did oppose my will: better Macbeth
Than such an one to reign. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

MACDUFF

O Scotland, Scotland!

MALCOLM

If such a one be fit to govern, speak:

I am as I have spoken.

MACDUFF

Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king: the queen that bore thee,
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived.

MALCOLM

Macduff, even now
I put myself to thy direction, and here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself: what I am truly,
Is thine and my poor country's to command:
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
Was setting forth. Why are you silent?

MACDUFF

See, who comes here!

(Enter ROSS)

MALCOLM

My countryman; but yet I know him not.

MACDUFF

My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

MALCOLM

I know him now. Good God betimes remove
The means that makes us strangers!

ROSS

Sir, amen.

MACDUFF

Stands Scotland where it did?

ROSS

Alas, poor country!
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave; the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.

MACDUFF

O, relation
Too nice, and yet too true! How does my wife? And all my children?

ROSS

Tthey were well at peace when I did leave 'em.

MACDUFF

But not a niggard of your speech: how goes't?

ROSS Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

MALCOLM Be't their comfort
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men;
An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.

ROSS Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words
That would be howl'd where hearing should not latch them.

MACDUFF What concern they?

ROSS The main part
Pertains to you alone.

MACDUFF If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

ROSS Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

MACDUFF Hum! I guess at it.

ROSS Your castle is surprised; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughter'd.

MALCOLM Merciful heaven!

MACDUFF My children too?

ROSS Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

MACDUFF And I must be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?

ROSS I have said.

MALCOLM Be comforted:

Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

MACDUFF

He has no children. All my pretty ones?
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?

MALCOLM

Dispute it like a man.

MACDUFF

I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man: sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!

MALCOLM

Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

MACDUFF

Cut short all intermission; front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!

MALCOLM

This tune goes manly.
Come, our lack is nothing but our leave; Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may:
The night is long that never finds the day.

(Exeunt)

MACBETH

ACT V

SCENE I Dunsinane. Ante-room in the castle.

(Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman)

Doctor I have two nights watched with you. When was it she last walked?

Gentlewoman Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doctor A great perturbation in nature! In this slumbery agitation, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gentlewoman That I will not report after her, having no witness to confirm my speech.

(Enter LADY MACBETH, with a taper)

Lo you, here she comes! Upon my life, fast asleep. Observe; stand close.

Doctor How came she by that light?

Gentlewoman She has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doctor You see, her eyes are open.

Gentlewoman Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doctor What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gentlewoman It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

LADY MACBETH Yet here's a spot.

Doctor Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

LADY MACBETH Out, damned spot! out, I say! – One: two: why, then, 'tis time to do't. – Hell is murky! – Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? – Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doctor Do you mark that?

LADY MACBETH The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now? – Will these hands ne'er be clean? – No more, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this.

Doctor Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gentlewoman She has spoke what she should not: heaven knows what she has known.

LADY MACBETH Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Doctor What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gentlewoman I would not have such in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doctor This disease is beyond my practise: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died in their beds.

LADY MACBETH Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale. – I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.

Doctor Even so?

LADY MACBETH To bed, to bed! there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone. – To bed, to bed, to bed!

(Exit)

Doctor Will she go now to bed?

Gentlewoman Directly.

Doctor Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles:
More needs she the divine than the physician.
God, God forgive us all! Look after her;
And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night:
My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight.
I think, but dare not speak.

Gentlewoman Good night, good doctor.

(Exeunt)

MACBETH

ACT V

SCENE III Dunsinane. A room in the castle.

(Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants)

MACBETH

Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits have pronounced me thus:
'Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee.'

(Enter a Servant)

Thou cream-faced loon! Where got'st thou that goose look?

Servant

There is ten thousand--

MACBETH

Geese, villain!

Servant

Soldiers, sir.

MACBETH

What soldiers, patch? What soldiers, whey-face?

Servant

The English force, so please you.

MACBETH

Take thy face hence.

(Exit Servant)

Seyton! – I am sick at heart,
When I behold – Seyton, I say! –
I have lived long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not. Seyton!

(Enter SEYTON)

SEYTON

What is your gracious pleasure?

- MACBETH What news more?
- SEYTON All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.
- MACBETH I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.
 Give me my armour.
- SEYTON 'Tis not needed yet.
- MACBETH I'll put it on.
 Send out more horses; skirr the country round;
 Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.
 How does your patient, doctor?
- Doctor Not so sick, my lord,
 As she is troubled with thick coming fancies,
 That keep her from her rest.
- MACBETH Cure her of that.
 Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
 Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
 Which weighs upon the heart?
- Doctor Therein the patient
 Must minister to himself.
- MACBETH Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it.
 Come, put mine armour on; if thou couldst, doctor, cast
 The water of my land, find her disease,
 And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
 I would applaud thee to the very echo.
 What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
 Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?
- Doctor Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
 Makes us hear something.
- MACBETH I will not be afraid of death and bane,
 Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.
- Doctor (*Aside*) Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
 Profit again should hardly draw me here.

(Exeunt)

MACBETH

ACT V

SCENE IV Country near Birnam wood.

(Drum and colours. Enter MALCOLM, SIWARD and YOUNG SIWARD, MACDUFF, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, ROSS, and Soldiers, marching)

SIWARD What wood is this before us?

MENTEITH The wood of Birnam.

MALCOLM Let every soldier hew him down a bough
And bear't before him: thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host and make discovery
Err in report of us.

SIWARD It shall be done.
The confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane.

MALCOLM 'Tis his main hope:
Both more and less have given him the revolt,
And none serve with him but whose hearts are absent too.

SIWARD The time approaches.
Certain issue strokes must arbitrate:
Towards which advance the war.

(Exeunt, marching.)

MACBETH

ACT V

SCENE V Dunsinane. Within the castle.

(Enter MACBETH, SEYTON, and Soldiers, with drum and colours)

MACBETH Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still 'They come:' our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up.

(A cry of women within)

What is that noise?

SEYTON It is the cry of women, my good lord.

(Exit)

MACBETH I have almost forgot the taste of fears;
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in't: I have supp'd full with horrors;
Direnness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts
Cannot once start me.

(Re-enter SEYTON)

Wherefore was that cry?

SEYTON The queen, my lord, is dead.

MACBETH She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,

Signifying nothing.

(Enter a Messenger)

Thou comest to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Messenger Gracious my lord,
 I should report that which I say I saw,
 But know not how to do it.

MACBETH Well, say, sir.

Messenger As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
 I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
 The wood began to move.

MACBETH Liar and slave!

Messenger Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:
 Within this three mile may you see it coming;
 I say, a moving grove.

MACBETH If thou speak'st false,
 Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
 Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
 I care not if thou dost for me as much.
 'Fear not, till Birnam wood
 Do come to Dunsinane.' and now a wood
 Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!
 I gin to be aweary of the sun,
 And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.
 Ring the alarum-bell! Blow, wind! come, wrack!
 At least we'll die with harness on our back.

(Exeunt)

MACBETH

ACT V

SCENE VI Dunsinane. Before the castle.

*(Drum and colours. Enter MALCOLM, SIWARD,
MACDUFF, and their Army, with boughs)*

MALCOLM Now near enough: your leafy screens throw down.
And show like those you are. You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff and we
Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,
According to our order.

SIWARD Fare you well.
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

MACDUFF Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

(Exeunt)

MACBETH

ACT V

SCENE VII Another part of the field.

(Alarums. Enter MACBETH)

MACBETH They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course. What's he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

(Enter YOUNG SIWARD)

YOUNG SIWARD What is thy name?

MACBETH Thou'l be afeared to hear it.

YOUNG SIWARD No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

MACBETH My name's Macbeth.

YOUNG SIWARD The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

MACBETH No, nor more fearful.

YOUNG SIWARD Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

(They fight and YOUNG SIWARD is slain)

MACBETH Thou wast born of woman
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born.

(Exit. Alarums. Enter MACDUFF)

MACDUFF That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face!
If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
Let me find him, fortune! And more I beg not.

(Exit. Alarums)

MACBETH

ACT V

SCENE VIII Another part of the field.

(Enter MACBETH)

MACBETH

Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

(Enter MACDUFF)

MACDUFF

Turn, hell-hound, turn!

MACBETH

Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back; my soul is too much charged
With blood of thine already.

MACDUFF

I have no words:
My voice is in my sword: thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out!

(They fight)

MACBETH

Thou losest labour:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charméd life, which must not yield,
To one of woman born.

MACDUFF

Despair thy charm;
And let the angel whom thou still hast served
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

MACBETH

Accurséd be that tongue that tells me so,
And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee.

MACDUFF

Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time:
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted on a pole, and underwrit,
'Here may you see the tyrant.'

MACBETH

I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body
I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff,
And damn'd be him that first cries, 'Hold, enough!'

(Exeunt, fighting. Alarums. Flourish. Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, SIWARD, ROSS, the other Thanes, and Soldiers)

MALCOLM

I would the friends we miss were safe arrived.

SIWARD

Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

MALCOLM

Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

ROSS

Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only lived but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

SIWARD

Then he is dead?

ROSS

Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
Must not be measured by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

SIWARD

Had he his hurts before?

ROSS

Ay, on the front.

SIWARD

Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so, his knell is knoll'd.

MALCOLM

He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

SIWARD

He's worth no more.

They say he parted well, and paid his score:
And so, God be with him! Here comes newer comfort.

(*Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH's head*)

MACDUFF Hail, king! for so thou art: behold, where stands
 The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
 I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
 Whose voices I desire aloud with mine:
 Hail, King of Scotland!

ALL Hail, King of Scotland!

(*Flourish. Exeunt*)

END OF PLAY

NOTES ON MACBETH

I, i

Graymalkin, Paddock: familiar spirits of the witches

I, ii

Kerns: draughted peasants thrown into the line of battle (“arrow fodder”)

Gallowglasses: Irish mercenary soldiers

Norwegian: Norwegian

thane: chief of a clan, ranking with an earl’s son

Bellona: Roman goddess of war

I, iii

rump-fed: fed upon tender rump meat, therefore pampered and, most surely, fat.

ronyon: a mangy, scabby creature

shipman’s card: a compass

Glamis: a small village in Angus, Scotland

Cawdor: a village between Nairn and Inverness in the Highlands of Scotland

I, vi

we rest your hermits: Mackers and Lady M. shall pray so hard for the king that his almsmen (hermits) may rest from praying for the king.

In compt: in trust for the king, therefore they are only returning what is his already.

II, i

weird sisters: their power is “weird”, ie., supernatural; they are not themselves “weird”, ie., strange – although they are strange.

Hecate: Greek goddess of magic, witchcraft, the night, moon, ghosts and necromancy.

Tarquin: seventh and last king of classical Rome. AKA Tarquin the Proud. Overthrown in 509 B.C.

II, ii

possetts: a hot British drink made of milk curdled with wine or ale, often spiced

II, iii

equivocator: this is a topical reference on the late Elizabethan furor of “equivocation”, where some Catholic priests (a religion under increasingly strict ban) instructed their flock to equivocate or lie about their belief, giving a deliberately misleading answer to questions while doing the mental equivalent of crossing their fingers. The Elizabethans thought this was mortal sin.

an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: the tailor has tried to cheat a customer by scrimping on material for hose, when there is no extra to spare and will certainly catch the tailor out.

Nose-painting: a euphemism for cunnilingus. The nose is painted by the woman’s “brush”.

the obscure bird: an owl

II, iv

Colmekill: The chapel of St. Columba on the island of Iona, Scotland, the ancient burial place of Scottish kings. Shakespeare incorrectly applies the name to the whole island. Icolmkill is the current name.

III, i

Mark Antony’s was by Caesar: as Antony was overshadowed by Caesar, so will MacBeth’s line be overshadowed by Banquo’s – unless Mackers does something about it.

III, iv

Hyrcan tiger: an Iranian tiger (although there are no tigers in Iran.)

IV, i

brinded: tawny

Harpier: a familiar spirit

fenny snake: a swamp snake

maw and gulf of ravined shark: the gullet and stomach of a ravenous shark

chaudron: entrails

germens: domain

bodements: bodings, tidings, forecasts

blood-boltered: blood-clotted

V, i

the thane of Fife had a wife: MacDuff's wife, now murdered.

V, iii

sere: decay

skirr: scour

bane: destruction

V, iv

Both more and less have given him the revolt: high and low ranks are deserting